

THE
Duty of a HUSBAND:

Or, The LADY's Answer to the
DUTY of a WIFE.



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The Duty of a Husband, &c.

WHEN God in Eden's happy shade,
 Man & Wife in one had made;
 He Enjoyn'd them both in Love,
 To Imitate the harmless Dove:
 And gave them jointly this Decree,
To Live in perfect Unity.
 And how can Man with this Dispenſe,
 Unless he flights Wife Providence;
 For it can ne're with Sense conſiſt,
 To uſe a Wife juſt as they liſt.
 She was not for that Purpoſe gave
 To Man, & then be made his Slave:
 But rather ſent from Heaven above,
 To be the Object of his Love.
 Participate in Joys & Cares,
 And Equally to have their Shares:
 In whatſoever Fate affords,
 Without moroſe or bitter Words.
 And if by accidental Loſs,
 Or any other Worldly Croſs,
 There ſhould ariſe ſome Houſehold Strife,
 'Tis reaſon to Excuse the Wife,
 For Loving Huſbands well do know,
 It is their Duty to do ſo:
 And is the only rule of Life,
 To make a kind and loving Wife.
 For Croſs-grain'd Huſbands, cauſe ſometimes
 Their Wives to Act unhappy Crimes;

And by a strict & surly Sway,
 Pretending that she won't Obey.
 He Acts the Tyrant in his Place,
 And brings his Spouse to foul Disgrace.
 Calls her a Scold, a Whore, or worse,
 And Night and Day, she is his Curse,
 Instead of Comfort, Plagues ensue,
 Till fatal things appear in view.

And thus 'tis plain the Stubborn Man,
 Has all these Mischiefs first began,
 Because his Wife he did reject,
 And not give to her due respect.
 A *Husbands* Duty to a Wife,
 Is to lead her a happy Life;
 To bear with Frailties, Weaker Sex,
 Which often doth the Mind perplex.
 A prudent Man doth this foresee,
 And keeps his *House* in harmony;
 While Mad men, like themselves confound
 All *Wedlocks Charms* which should abound.

If *Husband* would but Love their Wives,
 They need not doubt of happy Lives.
 For 'tis the Key of mutual Bliss,
 To Lock up all our *Happiness*.
 It is the Cabinet of Joy,
 Which Strife & Envy doth Destroy.
 It is the Centre of Delights,
 Our Pleasant Days & Charming Nights;
 Our very *Health & Wealth* depends
 Upon those very *Sacred Ends*.
 Therefore let *Husbands* better prove,
 And then Expect more Cordial Love.

I own the *Husband* is the *Head*,
 And ought by Spouse to be *Obeys'd*:
 But when he breaks the Marriage Vow,
 'Tis hop'd you will some Grains allow.
 When he unravels *Sacred Ties*,
 And doth his *Wife & Truth* Defies.
 The Case is something alter'd then,
 Because he is the worst of Men:
 His *Beastly Actions* grieves the *Wife*,
 And makes her weary of her *Life*.
 When Whore is kept in private Lane,
 And all is Spent, her to Maintain,
 The *Wife* before will speak her *Mind*,
 And tell him how he is *Inclin'd*;
 And also of the Consequence,
 That follows such profuse *Expence*,
 Then pray tell me who is most to blame;
 The *V Vife*, or he that caus'd the *Shame*?
 In such a Case his *Duty*, is
 To leave his *Tempting Mistress*:
 And thank his *V Vife* for her *Advice*,
 Keep at home & grow more *Wise*.
 But Oh! how *Vain* are some *Men's Fancies*,
Ill-grounded Projects & Romances.
 VVhat *Whims* the *Wifest* Entertain,
 VVhat strange *Delusions* fills their *Braine*.
 VVhen they are *Eager* to possess,
 They smoothe the *Road to Happiness*.
 They Level Mountains. Empty Seas,
 And Reason Fierce Desires Obeys.
 The greatest *Dangers* they *Dispise*,
 Their *Passion* sees, & not their *Eyes*.

And thus vain Men dō headlong run,
 The shortest VVay to be undone,
 No sooner Love has left the Pair,
 Then enters Meager VVant & Care,
 The *House*, which had such vast resort,
 Where Pleasure seem'd to keeps its Court,
 Is now forsook, a lonely Cell,
 Where Sorrow & Dispair doth Dwell :
 Clean Pans & Spits, if any left ;
 Of *Friends & Money* quite bereft.
 Bare VValls, the Prospect of the Eye,
 No Kitchin Sinoak offends the Sky :
Hogsheds with Dismal Sound Complain'd,
 Both *Hogsheds* & the *Man* are Drain'd ;
 The *Landlord* Frowns, 'his Rent Demands,
 Stray'd are his *Flocks*, 'Unplow'd his *Lands* :
 And if I an't beside the Text,
 Perhaps a Prison is the next.

These are the *dreadful Consequences*
 Of *Careless Husbands* vain *Expences* ;
 Then, who can *Blame* a *Prudent Wife*,
 Who seeks to mend her *Husbands* *Life*,
 Who *Lovingly* does all she can,
 To make her Spouse a happy Man.
 If she for these good Offices,
 Cannot the *Hair-brain'd Husband* please,
 But he is worse & worse each Day,
 And throws his *Wealth & Time* away.
 The *Wife* has done in such a Case,
 What did belong unto her Place :
 If after all she nothing gains,
 But Blows & Curses for her Pains ;

The Injur'd *Wife* I think may then,
 Declare his Vice, the Shame of Men,
 And may some Opposition make,
 And not the *Wedlock Contract* break:
 For *Woman* has an Equal Share,
 At least, on what depends on Care
 Of *Household Accidental Things*;
 Which Comfort & Relief doth bring.
 When *Husband* takes no Care at all,
 Or whether the House doth stand or fall:
 The *Wife* is bound as well as he,
 By Order of Divine Decree,
 To keep her Spouse when Well or Ill,
 Tho' he continues Wicked still.
 But this is Promissed on these Terms,
 Her *Husband* shelter her from Harms,
 To Love and Comfort her beside,
 As long as she's his Living Bride:
 When Rich or Poor 'tis all the same,
 For Marriage is a Sacred Name.
 Therefore 'tis plain, this mutual Love,
 Commanded is by Heaven above:
 And Man in Duty is Confin'd,
 By Sacred Laws to be more Kind:
 And not like Tyrant rule his *Wife*,
 As if she was his Slave for Life.

The Laws of Nations at this Day,
 Ordains the King to bear the Sway,
 And all his Subjects must Obey.
 But if he does a Tyrant prove,
 He loses all his Peoples Love:
 And as our *English* Stories tell,
 Makes Loyal Subjects soon Rebel.

so that thus far the Emblem holds,
 The Tyrant *Husbands*, makes the Scolds,
 And oftentimes it proves most True,
 The same Cause makes Men Cuckolds too.
 Nay Modest, Chast, & Vertuous *Wives*,
 Have been so weary of their Lives,
 They in Dispair have sadly Dy'd,
 Rather than be a Tyrants Bride:
 They've met Grim Death, with Halters, Knives,
 And strangely made away their Lives.
 Both Guns & Swords, with Poyson Strong,
 Have been the Fate of Old & Young,
 By Drowning, Hanging, and what not,
 Have been *Wives* sad unhappy Lot:
 And this caus'd by their Husbands Life,
 In Plaguing of an honest Wife.
 Then let me now strive to prevent,
 The like unhappy sad intent;
 Which may be done if Men repent,
But how alas! can this be done,
If Husbands be not told their own?
 For Vice that uncorrected lies,
 It soon gets to a bulky size:
 And being uncontroll'd a while,
 It makes the hardn'd Sinner smile;
 And counts his Vice as Vertue grown,
Because the Mode of all the Town.
 Now if a Man would this avoid,
 He must observe a sure Guid:
 Ask of his Conscience when 'tis right,
 And in good Deeds to take Delight.
 Consider that his Wife, as he,
 Is subject to Infirmary:

And

*And that Perfection here below,
 Frail Flesh cannot attain unto.
 And therefore if his hasty Mate,
 Should chance to Scold, or break his Pate :
 Let him consult how this began,
 The Fault in Woman or the Man,
 And if the Female is to blame :
 Consider then from whence you came.
 Women are weaker Vessels all,
 And therefore subject more to fall.
 Men are more Wise, at least they should,
 By Laws of Reasons Dictates Rul'd.
 They boast of Strength, of Wit & Sence,
 And therefore should by Consequence,
 Bear with the Weakness of the Fair :
 And think what Charming Females are.
 Do not forget the Wedding Night,
 That Crown'd thy Wishes with Delight :
 Do not forget those Charms in Bed,
 The Mysteries of a Maiden-Head,
 Do not forget thy Modest Spouse,
 Whose Blushes did adorn her Brows.
 Besure these things keep in thy Mind,
 And that will make thee always Kind :
 For 'tis a Husband's Duty still,
 To please his Wife tho' ne're so ill.
 The best of Ways to mend the Bad,
 And make the Chast and Vertuous Glad :
 Those Dutys to a Pious Wife,
 Wilt yield a Husband happy Life.*

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